



MERRY'S MUSEUM

AND

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLS. IX & X,

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX.

JANUARY, 1845.

No. 1.



COME, boys and girls! — Old January is here again, blowing his fingers as usual. Shut the door, or he'll be coming in, filling the room with snow and tempest. Shut the door, I say! There! Now lay aside your books, put up your toys, and listen to Robert Merry.

It is the evening of New Year's day, and I have a story to tell you. But, first, let me say a few words by way of preface. We have closed our volume for the year 1844, and we are about to begin a new one. Now, I like to consult

the wishes of my readers; and therefore I beg you to tell me how you like the Museum of 1844, and how you would like to have me manage the work for 1845. Come, Richard, you are the oldest, and you shall speak first. Then the rest may give their opinions.

Richard. Well, Mr. Merry, I like the Museum for the last year very well; but still, I think you ought to give us more puzzles. What do you think, James?

James. I don't like puzzles at all. I'm puzzled enough at school, with arithmetic, and grammar, and geography. I think

Mr. Merry ought to tell us some more funny stories. I want to hear more about Bill Keeler, and aunt Sally St. John, who got caught in the woodchuck trap. What do you say, Anne?

Anne. I don't like Bill Keeler at all. He was too fond of gunpowder for me. I like poetry, and fables, and pleasant anecdotes. Don't you, Jane?

Jane. Yes, well enough; but I prefer stories of adventures in distant countries. Dick Boldhero, and Dirk Heldriver, and Philip Brusque, and the Siberian Sable-Hunter, are the kind of tales that I like best. What do you think, John?

John. Why, I like puzzles, and stories, and poetry, well enough; but I prefer music. I should like to have the whole book full of music.

Robert Merry. Well done, my young friends! Now you have given me your own particular wishes, will you tell me how I shall conduct the Museum for 1845? Shall I fill it with puzzles, to gratify Richard? Or devote its pages wholly to Bill Keeler, in order to please James? Or shall I think only of the wishes of Anne, and give nothing but poetry, and fables, and anecdotes? Or shall I only write long tales of adventures, to gratify Jane? Or shall I fill my number with songs, agreeably to the will of John? Come! Don't be silent. Tell me what course I shall adopt. — All silent? Won't you give your old friend advice, in the present extremity? — Not a word? Well, then, suppose I do as I have done—give a variety—something to please all. Will that do?

Richard, James, and the rest. Yes, yes! A variety! Something to please

all! That's right! Hurra for Robert Merry!

Merry. Bravo, my young friends! I will take your advice. And now for the story, which we will call

Handsome is that Handsome does.

IN ancient times, two little^e princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, the other dwarfish, dark-colored, and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose, because she was handsome, and every body praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black, when any body asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it into the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it; but she did not scold, nor strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighborhood disliked Marion, and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scots used to be a very superstitious people; and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided, was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty, where the queen of the fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain from which she had risen with the beauty

of an angel.* Marion often asked questions about this story; but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird, or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "O, how much that looks like fairy-land!" But when asked what she knew about fairy-land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may I not bathe in the Immortal Fountain?"

One summer's noon, when all was still, save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with a sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow-roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted up by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her; her robe

was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point. And thus she sang:—

"The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair
Quick thy purposes declare!"

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated, by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined the chorus: the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon, between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said, "Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?" The queen smiled. "I will grant your request," she said, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I impose." Marion eagerly promised that she would. "The Immortal Fountain," replied the queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands; none can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now: for one week speak no ungentle word to

* There was a superstition that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

your sister: at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed was, that her sister's sunny hair had grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry, and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression; but she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence. The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honeycomb, and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucullos and the lantern-fly stood at her side to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool; and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of any thing not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the queen's attendants vanished away, singing as they went, —

"The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor
Inlaid with shining gold."

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the queen. "I have," replied the maiden. "Then follow me."

Marion did as she was directed; and away they went, over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep; and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant; and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of the waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed. "Here," said the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther until you shall have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now: for one month do by your sister, in all respects, as you would wish to have her do by you, were you Rose, and she Marion." Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking; but when Rose asked for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along; when Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Ma-

rión had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose; "she is good and amiable." "So do I," and "So do I," said a dozen voices. Marion blushed, and her eye sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved!" thought she.

At the end of the month she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands, and flew away. They travelled on — the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form, they were far more beautiful than any thing Marion had yet seen. "Here we must pause," said the queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass." "Why not?" asked the impatient Marion. "Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the queen. "Am I not very pure?" said Marion; "all the folks at the castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home: for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of the three months she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when she saw her; but in silence led the way to the Im-

mortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away, as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim; and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill; and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging wrong feelings; and you must not wonder that it takes many years to drive them away."

Marion was sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my Bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart, she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled, and touched her playfully with her wand; then led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she approached them, and they lowered their wands, and sang, as they flew away, —

"Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won;
For such, I ween,
Is the will of our queen.
Pass on! Pass on!"

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness ; and loud, clear, and liquid, came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks ; a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo ; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain ! Its amber-colored waves flow over a golden bed ; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"O, let me bathe in the fountain !" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies, with golden wands, that guard its brink." Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the queen. "Go home : for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in the fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all ; for she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she had wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears ; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and

the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing, —

"Thou hast scaled the mountain ;
Go bathe in the fountain ;
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light —
Go bathe in the fountain !"

Marion was about to plunge in ; but the queen touched her, saying, "Look into the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish ?"

Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the queen. "True," replied the queen ; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and clean conscience are the only Immortal Fountain of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she, "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairy-land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto, I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that, the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown ! The ugly scowl has departed from her face ; and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that, to my taste, I declare she is as handsome as Rose." — *Mrs. Child.*

Richard. Well, that's a very beautiful story; and I think it is delightful to know that every one may look well if he chooses to do so. Pray, Mr. Merry, did you make it up?

Merry. No: it is one of the pretty tales written by Mrs. Child, a good friend of young people, and one who has done a great deal for their pleasure and profit. Now, I have told you this tale on New Year's day, partly because it is a very pleasant one, but more particularly because it conveys a most important lesson. Whoever will follow the course adopted by Marion, will not only be good, but agreeable, and these two are the most desirable things in life. Now, my young friends, what say you? Will you, every day of the year 1845, think of this, and try to make yourselves handsome by doing and feeling right?

All. We will try — we will try!

New Year's Eve.

FAREWELL, Old Year! thy destined race

Will quickly have a close;

And thou, among thy forefathers,

Wilt sink into repose.

But, ere to dark oblivion's shore

Thy spirit takes its flight,

I fain would take thee by the hand,

And kindly say, Good night!

For, though thy lapse hath given birth

To many a stormy hour;

Though sighs and tears have marked the reign

Of pain's subduing power;

Yet hath its scene full oft been decked

In sunshine and delight;

A thousand joys my heart hath known:

But all are past. — Good night!

And though with thee thou bear'st away,
From life's still cherished store,
Days, weeks, and months — a numerous train
That can return no more, —

Yet will the loss prove gain to those

Who walk in truth's fair light;

It bears them nearer to their home

And promised rest. — Good night!

We part to meet no more, old friend:

Then let us part in peace:

Thou speedest to eternity,

Where strife and discord cease;

And I, if future years be mine,

How swift soe'er their flight,

Will strive their purpose to fulfil,

Then wish them all good night!

ORTHOGRAPHY. — A gentleman, receiving an account, one day, from a woman who did sundry offices in the washing line, was very much puzzled at one of the items, marked 1s. 6d. for "*skewering the stars.*" After amusing himself some time in endeavoring to understand the process, he was obliged to send for the good woman, who told him that it was "*scouring the stairs.*"

"NANCY, you must have my things ready to-morrow morning early — the boat starts at 7 o'clock."

"O dear, husband! with you it is always must, must, must. You are the most *musty* man I ever knew."

ADVERTISEMENT. — *A desirable and grave investment!* "To be sold on Thursday next, two commodious family sepulchral vaults under the church in Marlborough Street."



A Mother's Counsel.

IF I were to ask my little friends what they liked best, some would say sugar-plums, some cake, some ice-creams, some fine clothes; but I am afraid none of them would say they liked mother's counsel best. And yet, my dear young friends, this is far more important to you than plums, or cake, or ice-creams, or fine clothes. Were it not for the advice of mothers, I am afraid many young persons, who think pretty well of themselves, would turn out very ill in life.

Why is it, then, that many children are so unwilling to receive advice? Here, in the picture, is our friend Thomas, who has a very bad habit of *teasing*; and now that his mother is counselling him against it, he is in tears. Alas, poor Tom! how much trouble would it have saved you, if you had been guided by the kind advice of your mother!

I must tell you something about Thomas

—for it may be useful to all my young readers. As I have said, he was fond of teasing his brothers and sisters, and especially little James, who was of rather a timid nature. He seemed to take great delight in frightening him, and thought it a pleasant joke if he could make him cry out with fear at some bugbear. But this habit finally resulted in a serious accident.

One day, Thomas and James were walking among some bushes that grew upon the bank of a river. At last they both sat down; and here they remained, quietly looking upon the water that was dashing by. After a time, Thomas crept into some bushes near to James, and then sprang suddenly out towards him, on all fours, at the same time uttering a cry like some wild animal. James was terribly frightened, and, springing up, he ran towards the river. Unconscious of what he was doing, he leaped over the

sank, and in an instant he sank beneath the waters. Thomas ran to the place, but his brother had disappeared. The agony of that moment outweighed, a thousand times, all the pleasure he had taken in teasing poor James. He waited a few moments, when he saw his brother rise to the surface of the river, spreading out his little hands, and asking for help. Thomas could not swim, and all he could do was to scream with all his might.

This outcry soon brought some persons to the river, and, after a time, James was taken out. But he was quite cold, pale, and apparently without life. He was taken home, and laid upon a bed. Thomas came to his side, and as he looked upon his little brother, it seemed as though his heart would break. He kissed the cold cheeks of the boy, and placed his lifeless hands between his own, and begged, in the most piteous tones, that his brother would open his eyes, and speak, and forgive him.

After more than an hour, James showed some signs of life; and at length, having passed through great suffering in throwing off the water he had swallowed, he seemed out of danger. But he was very ill for some weeks, and it was many months before he fully recovered from the shock he had received.

Such was one of the results of Thomas's obstinate perseverance in the habit of teasing. He really intended no harm; but he would not take the advice of his mother, and desist from a practice which she told him, one day or other, would produce misery and mischief. It was not till he had actually brought about these results, that he felt the importance of a mother's

advice, and set about governing himself by it. O, how many evils — even greater than that we have described — would be avoided, if children would adopt a mother's counsel as their rule of life!

William Tell.

MORE than four hundred years ago, the country which goes by the name of Switzerland was under the Austrian government, and the people were little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labor, and governed them as with a rod of iron.

One of the Austrian governors, by the name of Gesler, was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was of little use. They were fond of liberty, and liberty is a spark which, the more you tread it down, the more it flies in your face.

Gesler went so far, in his tyranny, as to command his hat or cap to be placed on a pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like this at all; but they were afraid to disobey the order, as imprisonment or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.

There was, however, one noble-minded man, who was afraid neither of imprisonment nor death, who refused to bow to Gesler's cap. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his fellow-countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

He was soon seized, and brought into the presence of the tyrant. William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows about his person when he was seized. Gesler, telling him that he had forfeited his life, proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising him that, if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free.

Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved; for the cruel man called Tell's only son, a boy seven years old, forward, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father fire at it.

When Tell saw this, he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative; he must attempt the feat or die; but that which unnerved his arm, was the fear that his skill might fail him, and that he might kill his only son.

His child, seeing his father's distress, sought to console him. "I am sure you will not hit *me*, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still. O father, do you not remember the weathercock?"

Tell had, on one occasion, on a wager, struck off, at four successive shots, the letters N. S. E. and W. from the vane of the church-steeple. He did remember it, and the tears came into his eyes.

The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible for you to understand what the unfortunate Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so

blinded by his emotion, that he could not see the apple.

The assembled spectators, of whom there were great numbers, seemed to hold their breath. At length Tell summoned up all his courage. He dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the arrow, and, piercing the apple, cut it in two, and embedded itself in the tree!

The spectators shouted and applauded. Tell was taken to Gesler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle.

"Ha!" said he, "an arrow! Why that concealed weapon?"

"It was destined for *you*," replied Tell, "if I had killed my child."

Upon this daring threat, Tell was again seized by the tyrant's soldiers, and was hurried away, to be put to death. But, being a strong and resolute man, he made his escape, and, fleeing away into the mountains, incited the people to throw off the tyrant's yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

But he was again taken prisoner; and being put into a boat, with Gesler and his men, for the purpose of rowing over one of the lakes, a storm arose, and the boat was driven ashore. Tell leaped out, before any one else could land, and, snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant, and shot him dead as he sat in the boat.

After this, Tell roused the people, and they soon gained their freedom; and Switzerland is a free country to this day. Tell has never been forgotten, but the people always think of him with gratitude, and consider him as the deliverer of his country.



The Beggar.

I see an old man sitting there;
His withered limbs are almost bare,
And very hoary is his hair.

"Old man, why are you sitting so?
For very cold the wind doth blow.
Why don't you to your cottage go?"

"Ah, master, in the world so wide
I have no home wherein to hide —
No comfortable fireside.

"When I, like you, was young and gay,
I'll tell you what I used to say, —
That I would nothing do but play.

"And so, instead of being taught
Some useful business, as I ought,
To play about was all I sought.

"And now that I am old and gray,
I wander on my lonely way,
And beg my bread from day to day.

"But oft I shake my hoary head,
And many a bitter tear I shed,
To think the useless life I've led!"

IMMOVABLE FIDELITY. — A dog, between the breed of a mastiff and a bulldog, belonging to a chimney-sweeper, was lying, according to his master's orders, on a soot-bag, which he had placed inadvertently almost in the middle of a narrow back street, in the town of Southampton. A loaded coal cart passing by, the driver desired the dog to move out of the way. On refusing, he was scolded, then beaten — first gently, and afterwards with the smart application of the cart-whip; but all to no purpose.

The fellow, with an oath, threatened to drive over the dog; he did so, and the faithful animal, in endeavoring to arrest the progress of the wheel by biting it, was crushed to pieces.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE. — Married at New Orleans, Mr. Alexander, Philip, Socrates, Emilius, Cæsar, Hannibal, Marcellus, George Washington Treadwell, to Miss Carolina, Sophia, Maria, Julianne, Wortley Montague, Joan of Arc Pope; all of that city.



Where are the Birds?

IT is winter here in New England. The earth is covered with snow; the rivers are bound in chains of ice; the forests are stripped of their leaves; the flowers are dead. The birds have departed for other climes. But where are they? Where are the robins, the sparrows, the bluebirds, the swallows, the humming-birds? Where have they all gone?

I can tell you, gentle reader. They have gone to the south, and there they find a climate suited to their several tastes. Some go to Florida, some to the West Indies, and some to Texas; though they do not go there, like certain people we could mention, because they have lost

their character here. In those far southern climes, there is no snow, no ice, no stern, biting winter. On the contrary, it is always mild; and at every season, the earth is covered with fruit and flowers.

It is now January—and though this is one of our coldest winter months, it is a summer month in Brazil. If you were there at the present time, instead of seeing the earth covered with snow, you would find the trees in full leaf, the flowers in bloom, and the humming-birds, like the little fellow in the engraving, sipping honey from the choicest blossoms.



Catching Bats.

HERE are two boys with nets, attempting to catch bats. These are very curious little animals, which have hair like mice, and wings like birds. They live in the crevices of rocks, in caves, and other dark places, during the day. At night they go forth in search of food; and no doubt all our readers have seen them bobbing up and down, to catch such insects as happen to be out rather late at night.

The bat is the only creature, which can fly, that has no feathers. His wings have no quills, but are only thin pieces of skin, stretched upon a frame-work of bones. The bat is a very curious creature; for, while he is like a quadruped or four-footed beast, he can rise into the air, and fly from place to place like a bird.

There is a pretty fable about the bat, founded upon this double character of beast and bird, which I will tell you. The story is as follows:—

An owl was once prowling about,

when he came across a bat. So he caught him in his claws, and was about to devour him. Upon this the bat began to squeal terribly, and he said to the owl, "Pray, what do you take me for, that you use me thus?" "Why, you are a bird, to be sure," said the owl, "and I am very fond of birds. I love to pick their little bones, dearly."

"Well," said the bat, "I thought there was some mistake. I am no bird. Don't you see, Mr. Owl, that I have no feathers, and that I am covered with hair, like a mouse?"

"Sure enough," said the owl, with great surprise, "I see it now. Really, I took you for a bird, and see that you are only a kind of mouse. I ate a mouse last night, and it gave me the nightmare.—I can't bear mice! Bah! It makes me sick to think of it!"

Saying this, the owl pushed the bat away, and he was glad thus to make his escape.

But, the very next night, the fellow encountered another danger. On this occasion, he was snapped up by puss, who took him for a mouse, and immediately prepared to make a feast of him.

"I beg you to stop one moment," said the bat, seeing the necessity of immediate action. "Pray, Miss Puss, what do you suppose I am?" "A mouse, to be sure," said the cat. "Not at all," said the bat, spreading out his long wings.

"Sure enough," said the puss, you seem to be a bird, though your feathers are very fine. I eat birds sometimes, but I am tired of them just now, having lately devoured four young robins — so you may go; but, bird or mouse, it will be your best policy to keep out of my way hereafter."

So puss departed, and the bat again escaped.

The meaning of the fable is this — that a person playing a double part may sometimes escape danger; but such an individual is always like the bat, a creature that is disgusting to every body, and shunned by all. — *Parley's Little Leaves*.

PIGEONS IN THE WESTERN STATES. — A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad. Flocks of them, many miles long, came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and, in their swift motion, creating a wind and producing a rushing and startling sound, that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western

country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewed with young birds dead and alive, that the Indians, in great numbers, were picking up to carry away with their horses; many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrified remains. A forest thus loaded and half destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when myriads of such timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling, and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us. — *Featherstonhaugh*.

BONAPARTE ON NOSES. — "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his heart and lungs, cold and clear. In my observation of men, I have invariably found a long nose and a long head to go together."

Did you ever know a man that did not think he could poke the fire better than you?



The Great Wall of China.

THIS immense wall, which was built about the year 214 B. C., may be regarded as one of the greatest artificial curiosities of the world.

It was with a view of securing his empire against future attacks from the formidable tribes of Tartars at the north, that Che-hwang-te undertook the completion of this stupendous work, surpassing the most wonderful efforts of human labor in other countries, and upon which twenty centuries have exerted but little effect.

The largest of the pyramids of Egypt contains but a small portion of the quantity of matter in this wall, the solid contents of which — not including the projecting mass of stone and brick, which alone contains as much masonry as all London — are supposed to exceed in bulk the materials of all the dwelling-houses in England and Scotland. The vastness of the mass may be better appreciated by considering that it is more than suffi-

cient to surround the circumference of the earth, on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick.

Walls had been already erected, by some of the petty princes in the north, to exclude the barbarians from their states. About a century before, the provinces of Cih-le, Shen-se, and Shan-se, formed the three kingdoms of Tsin, Chaou, and Yen, which adjoined modern Mongolia. To protect his territories from the Toorks, and other tribes on the borders, the king of Tsin built a wall from the north of Lin-taou-foo, at the western extremity of Shan-se, to the Hwang-ho, north of Yen-gan-foo. The prince of Chaou also constructed a wall, from the Hwang-ho to the present frontiers of Chih-le. The king of Yen continued the wall from the north of Seu-en-hwa-foo to Leaou-tung.

The emperor Che-hwang-te directed his general, Mung-teen, who had completed the campaign against the Peung-

noos, to survey the walls built by these princes, to complete the union, and to continue this great barrier from Kea-yuh-kwan to the place where, at a subsequent period, Wang-hae-low was built, on the shore of the Eastern Sea, — a space of about fifteen hundred miles, over deep valleys and mountains of great elevation. The foundations of this prodigious work were laid in the early part of the year 214 B. C. Enormous numbers of men, — some say millions, — being a third of the inhabitants, of a certain age, were collected from all parts of the empire, and set to work on the structure. Its superintendence was intrusted to Mung-teen, who had under him an army of three hundred thousand men. Vessels laden with iron were sunk at the sea-shore, where the wall began, to make a buttress for it. Large arches were built for the passage of rivers; along the wall, at certain distances, were forts for garrisons; gates were made at convenient places for traffic, passage of troops, &c.; and its width was so great, that, in some parts, seven horsemen could walk abreast at the top of the wall. The work was completed in the short space of ten years, in the second year of the usurpation of Pa-wang, (B. C. 205;) so that neither Che-hwang-te, nor any of his race, had the satisfaction of seeing this great undertaking accomplished.

Hoot away despair;
 Never yield to sorrow;
 The blackest sky may wear
 A sunny face to-morrow.

The Favorite Flowers.

A German Fable.

GUSTAVUS, Herman, and Malvina, the blooming children of a farmer, were rambling on a beautiful spring day over the fields. The nightingales and larks sang, and the flowers unfolded in the dew, and in the mild rays of the sun.

And the children looked around for joy, and jumped from one flower to another, and wreathed garlands.

And they praised, in songs, the glory of spring, and the love of that Omnipotent Father who clothes the earth with grass and flowers; and they sang of the flowers, from the rose that grows on the bush, to the violet that blooms in retirement, and the heather-flower from which the bees gather their sweets.

Then the children addressed each other: "Let every one of us select his favorite flower." And they were pleased with the proposal, and they bounded over the field, each one to cull the flower that delighted him most. We will come together again in the bower, cried they.

Thus the three children rambled in harmony their different ways, to collect the beautiful. A lovely flower-gathering!

In a short time, all three appeared on their way to the bower. Each one bore in his hand a full nosegay, selected from his favorite flower. When they saw one another, they held up their flowers, and cried aloud for joy. Then they assembled in the bower, and closed it with one consent, and said, "Now every one shall give his reasons for his nosegay!"

Gustavus, the oldest, had selected the violet. "Behold," said he, "it blooms in

silent modesty among stubble and grass, and its work is as well concealed as the gentle productions and blessings of spring. But it is honored and loved by man, and sung in beautiful songs, and every one takes a small nosegay when he comes from the field, and calls the lovely violet the first-born child of spring and the flower of modesty. These are the reasons why I have selected it as my favorite flower."

Thus spake Gustavus, and gave Herman and Malvina, each, one of his flowers; and they received them with inward joy, for it was the favorite flower of a brother.

Then Herman came forward with his nosegay. It was composed of the tender field lily, which grows in the cool shade of the grove, and lifts up its bells like pearls strung together, and white as the light of the sun. "See," said he, "I have chosen this flower; for it is an emblem of innocence and of a pure heart, and it proclaims to me the love of Him who adorns heaven with stars and the earth with flowers. Was not the lily of the field estimated more highly than other flowers, to give testimony to the paternal love of Him in whom every thing lives and moves? Behold, for these reasons I have selected the small lily as my favorite flower!"

Thus spoke Herman, and presented his flowers. And the other two received them with sincere joy and reverence. And thus the flower was consecrated.

Then came Malvina, also, the pious, lovely girl, with the nosegay which she had gathered. It was composed of the tender, blue forget-me-not. "See, dear brothers," said the affectionate sister, "this

flower I found near the brook! Truly it shines like a bright star in heaven, and views itself in the clear water on whose margin it grows, and the rivulet flows more sweetly along, and appears as if it were crowned with wreaths. Therefore it is the flower of love and tenderness, and I have chosen it as my favorite, and present it to you both." She gave it to her brothers with a kiss, and with a kiss the brothers thanked her. And the guardian angel of the children smiled at this lovely league of innocence.

Thus the favorite flowers were selected. Then Malvina said, "We will twist them into two garlands, and dedicate them to our beloved parents!" And they made two garlands of the beautiful flowers.

A Brown Coat, or a Blue?

Or, the Importance of a single Word.

A HORSE was once stolen from a stable in England, and two boys, having seen a young man enter the place about the time the theft took place, mentioned the fact. The description they gave seemed to answer to James N—. He was accordingly arrested, and sent to prison. The sister of James sent for the boys, in great distress, to see if they were sure it was her brother whom they had seen.

She first examined one of them, and then the other. One of the boys said the young man's coat was *blue*; the other thought it was *brown*. This became a question of life and death; for Ellen, the sister of the youth, knew that her brother's coat was brown, and that, if the thief's coat

was blue, it could not be that he was the guilty person. She fell on her knees, and, in the most earnest manner, begged the boys to reflect and be sure of the truth. They never had thought of the importance of it before : they had never reflected that a single word may take life or save it.

When thus made to think of the importance of what they said, the boys both spoke carefully : the one who thought the coat was *brown*, hesitated ; and, after a little reflection, he agreed with his companion that it was *blue*. This led to further inquiry ; and, in the end, it was discovered that James N—— was innocent, and that another was the guilty person.

This little incident may show the great importance of accuracy and precision in all we say and do. A very slight error — only the use of the word *brown* for *blue* — might have cost James N—— his life, and sacrificed the innocent instead of the guilty.

Folly of attempting to deceive.

THE spider, when pursued, and his retreat hopelessly intercepted, will roll himself up into the form of a ball, and lie motionless. This stratagem will deceive a boy who is in pursuit of the spider. The boy will suppose that the spider has already killed himself, and will leave him ; or he will mistake the ball for a little piece of earth, and suppose that the spider has escaped. But, though a spider can thus deceive a boy, it cannot thus deceive another spider. A

pursuing spider would detect the stratagem instantly. He would recognize in it a trick that belongs to every spider, and to which he had probably often resorted himself.

A hare, also, when pursued by hounds, knows well that his tracks are the means by which his pursuers detect him. He will, accordingly, double on his tracks ; that is, he will run back some distance in the same footsteps, and then suddenly leap to a great distance, and run off in a new direction. His pursuers may not understand this stratagem, and, when they arrive at the end of the first track, may be unable to trace further the artful fugitive. But do you think that a hare, were he the pursuer, could be thus baffled ? He would perceive immediately that the fugitive had doubled, and would know well where to find the new track. The trick is as much a part of the nature of each hare as the similarity of their appetites, tastes, and habits.

But a man cannot thus deceive men. You are masquerading before others who have masqueraded themselves. They know every turn of the game as skillfully as you. We are, to every essential extent, repetitions of each other. If what you utter proceeds from envy, no disguise can prevent your envy from being detected. If your actions result from penuriousness, no ostentation of liberality can hide it ; no protestations of munificence conceal it.

If you wish to avoid being suspected of any evil thing, avoid evil itself. Think not by affectation to cheat others into a belief that you are innocent, when you are really guilty. Your very devices to escape detection will often betray you.

If you boast of courage, the world will suspect you of cowardice. Mankind know the tricks of one another. They discover the drunkard by remarking his ludicrous attempts to prove himself sober; and they detect the liar, when they see him attempt to enforce his falsehood by needless asseverations of veracity.

CARRIER'S DOG. — A carrier, on his way to Dumfries, in Scotland, had occasion to stop at some houses by the roadside, in the way of his business, leaving his cart and horse upon the public road, under the protection of a passenger and a trusty dog. Upon his return, he missed a led horse, belonging to a gentleman in the neighborhood, which he had tied to the end of the cart, and likewise one of the female passengers.

On inquiry, he was informed that, during his absence, the female, who had been anxious to try the mettle of the pony, had mounted it, and that the animal had set off at full speed. The carrier expressed much anxiety for the safety of the young woman, casting, at the same time, an expressive look at his dog. Oscar observed his master's eye, and, aware of its meaning, instantly set off in pursuit of the pony, which he came up with soon after he had passed the toll-bar, on the Dalbeattie road, when he made a sudden spring, seized the bridle, and held the animal fast. Several people, having observed the circumstance, and the perilous situation of the girl, came to relieve her. Oscar, however, notwithstanding their repeated endeavors, would not quit his hold, and the pony was actually led

into a stable with the dog, till such time as the carrier should arrive. Upon the carrier entering the stable, Oscar wagged his tail, in token of satisfaction, and immediately relinquished the bridle to his master.

DISINTERESTED INFORMER. — A lady walking over Lansdown, near Bath, England, was overtaken by a large dog, which had left two men, who were travelling the same road with a horse and cart. She was followed by the animal for some distance, the creature endeavoring to make her sensible of something, by looking in her face, and then pointing with his nose behind. Failing in his object, he next placed himself so completely in front of the lady as to prevent her proceeding any farther, still looking steadfastly in her face. The lady became rather alarmed; but, judging from the manner of the dog, who did not appear vicious, that there was something about her which engaged his attention, she examined her dress, and found that her lace shawl was gone. The dog, perceiving that he was at length understood, immediately turned back; the lady followed him, and he conducted her to the spot where her shawl lay, some distance back in the road. On her taking it up, and replacing it on her shoulders, the interesting quadruped appeared satisfied, and instantly set off at full speed after his master, apparently much delighted.

Did you ever know a cabman who had any change about him?



The Crucifixion.

THIS great event, which was signalized, at the time, by convulsions of nature, as if the very elements were shaken with terror at the deed, has marked itself more deeply on the memory and feelings of mankind than almost any other within the whole scope of history. An execution upon the cross was a Roman punishment, inflicted for robbery, assassination, and rebellion, and was esteemed not only one of the most cruel, but one of the most ignominious, that could be adopted. It was because he declared himself the Messiah, or King, that Jesus was accused and executed as a rebel; and it was in ridicule of his pretensions that the scoffing multitude cried out, "Hail, King of the Jews!"—and that the inscription, "This is Jesus, King of the Jews," was put over his cross.

It is not possible to conceive a spec-

tacle more humiliating, more agonizing. How few of those who took part in the revolting scene, comprehended the real character of that fearful drama! and how little did they foresee the results that were to follow in its train! Who can go back, in imagination, and picture the throng around, rejoicing to see the agonies of the sufferer, and taunting his distress with jeers and gibes, and saying, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself, and come down from the cross!" and can listen to his sublime reply—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and not feel that men, women, and children, who could act thus, were indeed lost, and stood in fearful need of a Savior—one who could redeem them from hardness of heart and blindness of mind?

There are two reflections which this subject may well impress upon our

minds. The first is, the incalculable value of that atonement which Christ thus made for the sins of mankind. It is to his example, his sufferings, his death, that the human race not only owe their hopes of salvation in an after life, but even the every-day pleasures and virtues of refined society. If Christ had not lived and died; had he not sealed his lessons with his blood; mankind had doubtless, to this day, been, like the Jews at Calvary, hard-hearted, cruel, unjust — blind to the beauty of holiness, goodness, and truth. We must therefore remember that to Him — to the costly sacrifice of the cross

— we are daily indebted for the peace and happiness which we enjoy in a Christian community.

The second reflection which the crucifixion may well establish in our minds is this — that goodness is greatness; that virtue is mighty, and can triumph over power, and cruelty, and scorn; can convert the crown of thorns into a crown of glory; can render an ignominious death a scene of triumph; and convert the despised instrument of death into an emblem of the highest hopes and fondest wishes of humanity.



The India Rubber Tree.

INDIA RUBBER, called *caoutchouc*, is produced from several different trees, all of the genus *ficus*, or fig. The celebrated banyan tree, of India, is a species of *ficus*.

The *ficus elastica* is the tree from which the India rubber is chiefly obtained. This is a native of both India and South America. When the bark is broken, it gives forth a milky liquid.

which, being exposed to the air, produces the gum elastic which is so much in use among us. It is now about a hundred years since it was first introduced into Europe; for a long time it was only used to erase the marks of lead pencils. The natives of South America had, however, long employed it, as we do now, for boots and shoes. They also smear the inside of baskets with it, thus providing a tough and tight lining. In the vicinity of Quito, they make it into a kind of cloth.



The Flat-Heads.

ON the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and along the banks of the Columbia River, there is a tribe of Indians, called Chinooks, who have the custom of flattening the foreheads of

their children in the manner represented in the engraving. The face of the mother shows how the head looks when it has undergone this process in infancy.

It might seem that this were a painful process, but it is done when the child is very young, and he is early accustomed to the pressure. The little creature, in his cradle, looks as if in a coffin; and here he is often kept, strapped to a board, for several weeks, only the lower part being taken off during that time. When the mother is on a journey, she carries the child and cradle on her back, they being supported by a strap passing over her forehead.

What can have been the origin of this strange custom, it is impossible to conceive; but probably it is founded on fashion only. The fancy of the Chinese for small feet is equally absurd, and leads to even more pernicious results. Perhaps, too, we could point out some fashions, among ourselves, not more rational.

But, however the custom may have originated, flattening the head has been very extensively practised among the American savages. There is a tribe called Flat-Heads, which inhabit the upper western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and derive their name from this custom, though it is now little used among them. The Choctaws and Chickasaws, which were formerly large tribes, and occupied a considerable portion of the present states of Mississippi and Alabama, were anciently accustomed to flatten the head in the manner described; and several South American tribes have long had the same practice among them.



General Lafayette.

THIS great and good man was born in Auvergne, in France, in 1757. His family was rich and noble, and he was brought up in the fashionable style of the French court. But his heart was not rendered corrupt by his course of life. When he was about 21 years of age, he heard that the American people were striving to throw off the yoke of British power, and his noble heart sympathized with them.

He therefore determined to come to America, and assist the people in their contest for liberty. He was so carefully watched, that it was difficult for him to get away; but, after some difficulties, he set sail with some friends, and landed in South Carolina. From thence he went

to Philadelphia, and offered his services to Congress, who immediately gave him a commission as general. From this time he served in our army, and was aid to Washington. He was at the famous siege of Yorktown, in October, 1780, when Lord Cornwallis, and his army of 7000 men, were captured.

Lafayette returned to France, and he took an active part in the early stages of the French revolution. But a plot was formed against his life, and he fled. In Germany he was taken, and confined for several years in the gloomy dungeons of Olmutz. He was liberated at last, and in 1824 he came to this country, where he was joyously received. He returned to France, and took a lead in the great

revolution of July, 1830. Having placed Louis Philippe upon the throne, and secured a constitution to the nation, he retired to private life — serving, however, as deputy in the French House of Commons. In 1834 he died, leaving behind him the name of one of the purest and noblest characters that has ever lived.

The Two Miss Smiths;

or, The Tale of a Turban.

IN a small town in the west of England, there once dwelt two maiden ladies of the name of Smith, each possessing an independence; each residing, with a single maid-servant, in a house, the drawing-room floor of which was to be let, provided a suitable lodger could be found. But the most remarkable circumstance concerning them was, that they bore each other a most inveterate dislike, — I will not say hatred. The origin of this was the similarity of their names; each was Miss Smith — the one being called Cecilia, the other Charlotte. This fact gave rise to innumerable mistakes and misunderstandings, which kept the two ladies in a constant state of irritability and warfare. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, and bills, were daily mis-sent, and opened by the wrong person. Now, had there been any desire of remedying these difficulties, in the parties concerned, every thing might have gone on quietly; but this was not the case, and things grew worse and worse, each trying to vex the other. But, to be quite just, we

must observe that Miss Cecilia was much the worst of the two, and seemed really to enjoy the troubles of her neighbor.

To pass over other events, we must notice one somewhat in detail. A wealthy gentleman, who had lately removed to the town, gave out invitations to an evening party. Unfortunately, there was but one milliner in the town, and her aid was now very much in request. She found it impossible to answer all the demands upon her skill and time for head-dresses. She therefore sent to the neighboring town of Exeter for two cases of these essential articles, which Miss Gibbs assured her impatient customers would be opened on Thursday.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying to Miss Gibbs's establishment — the young in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such like adornments; the elder in search of turbans and caps. Among the candidates for finery, none were more eager than our two Miss Smiths. Both of them wore turbans, and great was the fear that the one might carry off the identical article that would suit the other best. But, just as Miss Cecilia was setting out, she was accosted at her door by a very gentlemanly person, who, taking off his hat, begged to know "if he had the honor of addressing Miss Smith." This question being answered, the gentleman continued: —

"I was not quite sure whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number, but I think it was sixty;" and he looked at the figures on the door.

"This is sixty," added Miss Cecilia; saying to herself, "I wonder if it can be

sixteen he was sent to ;" for there dwelt Miss Charlotte.

"I was informed, madam," pursued the gentleman, "by a friend of yours, at Bath, Miss Joanna Smith, that you had a first floor to let."

"Quite true, sir," said Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, although she knew very well that it was a mistake, as the lady in question was first cousin to Miss Charlotte. "Pray walk up stairs, sir: very nice rooms, you see; every thing comfortable and clean; a pretty view of the canal in front, just between the baker's and the shoemaker's. Then it's very lively! the Exeter and Plymouth coaches go up and down, rattling along all day; indeed, I might say all night. A beautiful little bedroom, back, sir, although, as you say, it does look over the brick-kiln; but you will have no dust, sir, not a bit, for I never allow the window open a minute."

The stranger, it must be confessed, did not value all these advantages as highly as he might; but not wishing to wait, and thinking that he might not be able to suit himself better, he engaged the lodgings.

Miss Cecilia had been so anxious to engage the lodger, that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban; but, now that her point was gained, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. As she arrived, breathless, at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and, among the rest, the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than any body's.

"I wonder," thought Miss Cecilia, "if

she thinks that any turban would make her look well!" Miss Charlotte did, however, suppose it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very head-dress of all others that she thought would answer that end.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up stairs she rushed, and, pouncing upon Miss Gibbs, exclaimed, "Well, I hope and trust you have something that will suit me."

"Dear me, mem," responded Miss Gibbs, "what a pity you did not come a little sooner! The only two turbans we had are just gone. Miss Gosling took one, and Miss Charlotte Smith the other; here they are; you shall see them;" and she opened the box and exhibited two crimson and gold turbans to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast. They were just what she wanted. But nothing could be done. Miss Gibbs had no article proper to make a turban of, and Miss Cecilia flounced out of the house, angry and disappointed, not so much that she had *not* the turban, as that Miss Charlotte *had*. Arriving at home, she threw herself into her chair, and tried to compose her mind, and decide as to what was best to be done in this dilemma. Should she send an excuse to Mr. Hauseway, the gentleman who was to give the party, or should she appear in one of her old turbans? Impossible — they were so shabby and unfashionable!

While she was thus meditating, her maid walked into the room with — what do you think? — in her hand — the identical crimson and gold turban which had been purchased by Miss Charlotte.

"What a beauty!" said Susan, turning it round and round.

"Was there any message, Sue?" gasped Miss Cecilia.

"No, ma'am; Miss Gibbs's girl left it, and said she should have come earlier, but that she had so many places to go to."

"And she's gone, is she, Susan?"

"Yes, ma'am; she went directly."

"Very well, Susan, remember I'm not at home, if any body calls; and if any message comes from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I am gone out, and you don't expect me home till very late."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And I say, Susan, if they send here to make any inquiries about the turban, you'll say you know nothing about it, and send them away."

"Very well, ma'am," said Susan.

Well did Miss Cecilia understand how the turban got there—it was by a mistake of the girl; but the chance was great that it would be sent for. At five o'clock the milk-boy rang, and Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but that was the only alarm. At six she began to dress, and at seven she stood before the glass in all the brilliancy of crimson and gold. This was strikingly becoming, she thought, to her complexion, and suited her hair exactly. This, we must observe, was quite gray; but she wore a frizette of dark curls fastened on to a black silk skull-cap fitting close to the head.

She had not far to go; so she thought she would wait a quarter of an hour, not wishing to be the first in the room. After the expiration of this time, she called Susan to bring her cloak and calash. This last-mentioned article being very large, Miss Cecilia requested Susan to place a pin in it, to keep it off her eyes. She then started, and, arriving at

Mr. Hauseway's door, she knocked, and was admitted by the footman, who, in the haste he thought was requisite, from the number of the guests, disengaged the lady from her outward gear, and then, without giving her time to breathe, rushed up stairs, calling out, "Miss Cecilia Smith!" In she went, in all the triumph of gratified vanity and malice—little dreaming, poor woman, that the turban had been taken off her head with the calash to which the ill-starred Susan had pinned it. Altogether unconscious of her calamity, Miss Cecilia advanced smiling toward the host and hostess, who received her with bland courtesy,—at the same time thinking that their guest had the most extraordinary taste in head-dressing! The rest of the company could not understand it at all. Some supposed she must have forgotten to put on her head-dress; others, knowing that she was somewhat eccentric, supposed her appearance was the result of whim. At any rate, the joke was a good one, and Miss Cecilia seemed so triumphant and happy, that no one cared to tell her the disagreeable truth.

As to Miss Charlotte, we will not attempt to paint her dismay when, after sending two messages to Miss Gibbs, the truth came to light. Angry and mortified, she put on the best turban she had, and hastened to Mrs. Hauseway's, determined to expose the arts of her successful rival. The woman was endeavoring, when she entered the house, to arrange the heaps of shawls, hoods, and wrappers, that lay scattered about in admirable confusion.

"I suppose I'm very late," said Miss Charlotte; "but the most shameful trick

has been played upon me about my — why, I declare — I really believe” — and, stooping forward, she disengaged the turban, which was still fastened to the calash by Susan’s unlucky pin.

Was there ever such a triumph! Understanding, immediately, the whole state of the case, she took out the pin, tore off her old turban, and placed the new one on her head, the maid assisting her in the operation. Up stairs she then walked, with a light step and a proud heart, and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia’s feelings were those of disappointment and surprise: “Then she has got a turban too! How could she have got it!” Miss Charlotte was in ecstasies at Miss Cecilia’s appearance. It may be supposed she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew round the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. The unconscious object of their mirth added to it by saying that she was glad every body was so merry, and assured Mrs. Hauseway that it was the gayest party she had been to for many a day.

“I am really ashamed,” said the hostess, “at allowing the poor woman to be the sport of my company, but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, for fear of what might follow; and it must be admitted, also, that she well deserves the mortification she will feel on discovering the truth.”

Poor Cecilia *did* discover the truth of it, and never was happy again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken, and she lived and died unpitied and unloved.

PUN. — A gentleman was once showing a friend a balloon made of an ox-bladder, inflated with oxygen gas. “But,” observed the friend, “if the oxygen should escape, how can you get it into the bladder again?” “That is not the difficulty,” said a bystander; “it is not how to get the *oxygen* into the bladder, but how to get the bladder into the *ox-again*!”

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME. — It is well to do a good turn to a stranger, but not when we should be made the dupe of selfishness. To illustrate this sentiment, we will give the following story from Æsop. A wolf, that lay licking his wounds, and was extremely faint and sore from the bite of a dog, called out to a sheep which was passing by, “Hark ye, friend! if you would but help me to a sup of cool water from yonder brook, I would manage, myself, to get something to eat.” “Yes,” said the sheep, “I make no doubt of it; but *when* I bring you drink, my carcass shall serve you for food.”

“SILENCE does not always mark wisdom,” says Coleridge. “I was at a dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me, and said nothing for some time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with, ‘Them’s the jockies for me!’”



The Flamingoes.

WE have not much knowledge of the habits and manners of this bird, although it is so remarkable in size and appearance: for they are very shy and watchful, giving the traveller but small opportunities for observing them. We have, however, some descriptions. These speak of it as having a smaller body than the stork, while its neck and legs are much longer. The head is small and round, being furnished with a broad and curved bill, seven inches long. The tongue fills up the whole cavity of the bill. When in full plumage, the bird is of a deep scarlet color.

Flamingoes live in the warm countries of both hemispheres, on the sea-coast, where they feed upon molluscæ, spawn, and insects. They may be found in large flocks, drawn up, when feeding, in straight lines, looking not un-

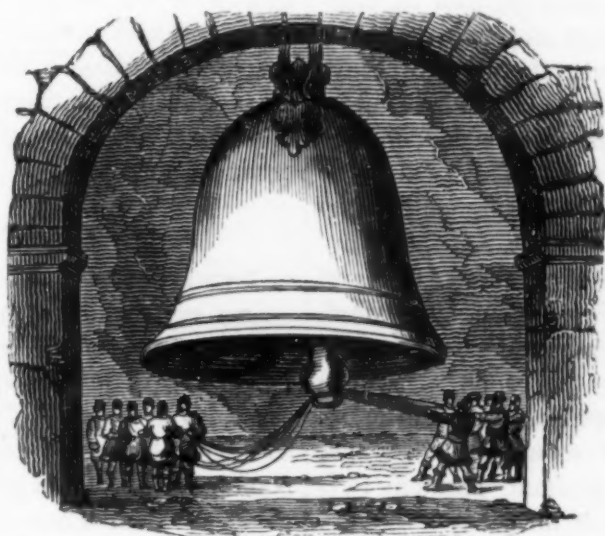
like a company of soldiers. The sentinel gives the alarm to the rest, by a sort of trumpet-like note, on the approach of danger. In their flight, they arrange themselves in a triangular shape.

Dampier says that flamingoes make their nests, in the marshes, of slime, which they heap up with their claws into a hillock. As the length of their legs would prevent their sitting on their eggs, to hatch them, nature has pointed out a mode, by which they support themselves upright on the earth, covering the upraised nest with their body. Their flesh is differently esteemed by travellers, some considering it like that of a partridge, while others pronounce it very indifferent food.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge gives the following curious story:—During the French revolutionary war

when the English were expected to make a descent upon St. Domingo, a negro, having perceived, at the distance of some miles, in the direction of the sea, a long file of flamingoes, drawn up in ranks, forthwith magnified them into an army of English soldiers; their long necks were mistaken for shouldered muskets, and their scarlet plumage had suggested the idea of a military costume. The poor fellow accordingly started off, run-

ning through the streets, and vociferating that the English were come. Upon this alarm, the commandant of the garrison instantly sounded the tocsin, doubled the guards, and sent out a body of men to reconnoitre the invaders; but he soon found, by means of his glass, that it was only a troop of flamingoes, and the corps of observation marched back to the garrison, laughing at their bloodless expedition.



Great Bell of Moscow.

A Chapter on Bells.

THE origin of bells is probably to be dated from the time when the sonorous property of metals was first noticed.

A tinkling instrument of some sort was in use as early as the days of Moses, when the priest was commanded to hang bells to his robe, in order to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary.

They were also used in the decoration of horses.

Small bells were used by the Greeks and Romans for civil and military purposes, and they were sometimes rung in temples, to call the people to their religious duties. St. Paulinus, Bishop of Campania, in the 4th century, was

the first who used them, in Christian churches, to call the people to prayer. They were then gradually introduced into the western churches, and into some of the Greek churches, though the wooden mallet is more generally in use there. The Turks particularly enforce the latter custom, as they abhor bells. The silencing of the "detestable bells" is esteemed, by a Turkish writer, as the principal advantage which was derived from the capture of Constantinople.

Large bells came into use in the sixth century. They were adopted in England on the erection of parish churches. In the tenth century, the abbot of Wayland presented a great bell to his church, to which six others were added, to harmonize with the first. This peal is the origin of the chimes so common in English villages.

One of the most celebrated bells of England is the Great Tom, of Oxford, which was cast in 1680; it was afterwards called by the name of Queen Mary. At its baptism, Dr. Tresham, on hearing the bell sounded, called out, "O sweet and pleasant harmony! O beautiful Mary, how musically it sounds! how melodiously it rings! how wonderfully it pleases the ear!" This bell weighs 17,000 pounds, and is the heaviest in England.

But Russia bears the palm over all other countries in bells. There they may be constantly heard, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," for they are too large to be swung; but tolling, and booming, and deafening all other ears but those of the Russians, who almost worship them. The largest is called, in Russian,

the "Tsar Kolokol," or King of Bells: it weighs 400,000 pounds, and is twenty feet high. It is placed in a cavity of the tower of the cathedral at Moscow; the tongue is fourteen feet long, and is as heavy as some of the largest English bells. The metal of which it is made was brought from all parts of Russia, and thrown into the furnaces; the nobles were casting in gold and silver plates, rings, trinkets, and all kinds of ornaments, during the operation.

The only rivals to the bells of Russia are those of China, though they appear now to be out of fashion. These bells are struck with wooden tongues, making, according to some, a dull sound; though many describe the effect as very fine and melodious, though less powerful than that produced by metal.

THERE are two books from which I collect my divinity: the one written of God, the other of his servant Nature, — that universal manuscript which she has expanded to the eyes of all. But I never so forget God as to adore the name of Nature. The effects of Nature are the works of God, whose hand and instrument only she is; and therefore, to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument. If we may do this with reason, then let our hammers rise up and boast that they built our houses, and let our pens receive the honor of our writers. — *Browne*.

DID you ever know an amateur singer who had not a "horrid bad cold"?

Correspondence.

WE are much obliged to our friends, from all quarters, for their kind wishes and good-natured salutations; for their "merry Christmases," and "happy New Years." It is really very kind of them, in the midst of Thanksgiving pies, Christmas presents, and New Year's gifts, to think of their old friend Robert Merry. See here, what a specimen we have from one of our subscribers at Nantucket. We hope the little fellow may never want for the oil of peace, to make the lamp of life shine brightly along his path.

Nantucket, November 26, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

It is now getting to be cold weather, and I can't play much out of doors. The evenings are also very long. For these reasons I think a great deal of your Museum. I expect to spend a great deal of time in reading your stories this winter. You know we send out vessels from Nantucket, and the men in them catch a great many whales; so we have plenty of oil to read by in the long winter nights. Some of the stories of our whalers are very amusing. If you will come down here, we will tell you some which will do to put in the Museum. I have now filled up my sheet; so I must close by wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Yours, truly,
JAMES F——.

L. O——y has proved herself a good guesser. She thinks that the answer to the puzzle in the April number is "Robert Merry's Museum," and the answer to that for the October number is the "Old Man in the Corner." These answers are correct. N. D., of Holliston, Mass., is also a true Yankee, and we give him our thanks for his complimentary letter.

Philadelphia, November 14, 1844.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I HAVE been reading some of your magazines, which my aunt lent me, and which I found very interesting. I have been to Boston, and I think it is a very fine city. I have also been to Europe, and have seen a great many things there.

I think Switzerland is a most beautiful country. It is noted for its cottages and its beautiful scenery. The cottages are very comfortable inside, and are very convenient for travellers.


Italy, also, is a very fine country. It has a great deal of fruit, and especially very fine oranges. The famous volcano of Vesuvius is in Italy, near Naples, and I ascended it. It took me a long time to go up and down Mt. Vesuvius. When I went up it, I started about ten o'clock in the morning, and I was not back again till four or five o'clock in the afternoon. I did not go alone, but with my mother and father, with other persons, and guides. All the way, going up, the road was covered with ashes.

My mother and father saw the ruins of Pompeii, which was destroyed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. I have been in almost every country of Europe, and I think the whole is a very fine country. I think London is not a very fine city, it is so dirty in some places; and the fog and rain often prevent any one from going out for a long time; while here, in Philadelphia, it is very fine weather most of the time.

Philadelphia is a very fine city, and has a great many public buildings. Mr. Peale's Museum is among the principal ones. It is a very fine house, and has a great many curiosities in it. A number of people visit it.

Now I will bid you adieu, Mr. Merry, begging you to make me one of the subscribers to your magazine for children.

HENRY B——

 We are obliged to defer sundry letters and puzzles till our next number.

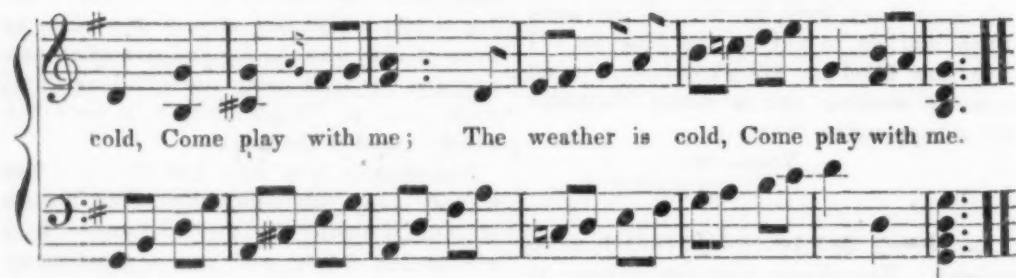


Kate and the Sparrow.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



"Come, come, pretty sparrow, Pray leave yon tree; The weather is



cold, Come play with me; The weather is cold, Come play with me.

"Come in at the window;
'Tis here warm and neat,
And you shall have cake
And plums to eat.

"Come in at the window,
And don't be so shy;
No creature shall hurt you;
No danger is nigh."

Thus Kate to the sparrow
Spoke gentle and soft;
But the bird spread his wing,
And went soaring aloft.

She saw him no more,
And a tear filled her eye,
To think of that sparrow
So trustless and shy.